

PS 3174

.W585

Copy 1

SONGS AND POEMS
PROTECTION ENGINE COMPANY
No. 5.
OF MELROSE NEW YORK.
By
CHARLES HARCOURT WHITE.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

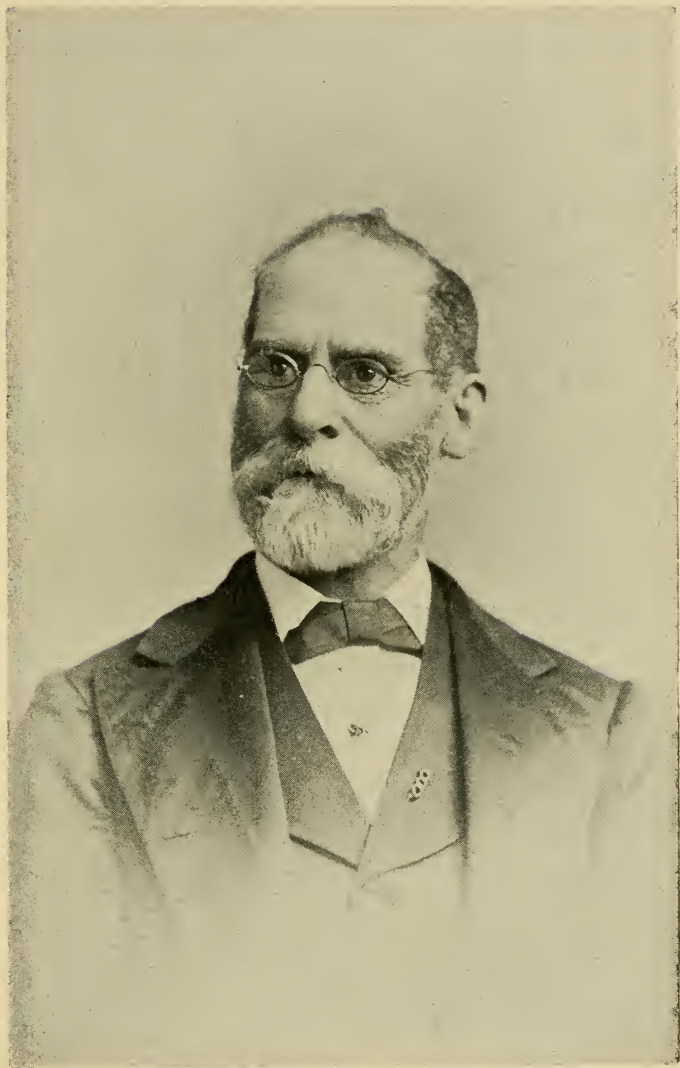
Chap. ^{PS 317A} Copyright No.

Shelf W585

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







CHARLES HARCOURT WHITE.

SONGS AND POEMS

DEDICATED TO

THE BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION

OF

PROTECTION ENGINE COMPANY, No. 5,

OF

MELROSE, NEW YORK.

BY CHARLES HARCOURT WHITE.

NEW YORK :

PUBLISHED BY E. D. SLATER,

153 and 155 Fulton Street.

1893.



PG3174
.W585

Copyright, 1893, by CHARLES HARCOURT WHITE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
The Fireman's Boy, - - - - -	11
War Song, - - - - -	21
The Fireman's Monument, - - - - -	23
An Acrostic, - - - - -	25
Away to the Rescue, Protection!	26
Oh, Give Me the Honey Bee, - - - - -	28
Honey Bees' Yankee Doodle, - - - - -	30
The Old Honey Bee, - - - - -	33
Protection Our Pride, - - - - -	36
Here's to Protection, - - - - -	38
A Complimentary Song to Harry Howard	
Engine Co. No. 36. - - - - -	40
Fly, Protection, - - - - -	43
The Fireman, - - - - -	45
The Resolve, - - - - -	47
The Result, - - - - -	49
Melrose Lassies, - - - - -	52
The Fireman's Bride, - - - - -	54
Honey Bees to Their Friends, - - - - -	56
Lines on The Death of John S. Carman, - - - - -	58
Honey Bees' Old Folks, - - - - -	61
Get Inside The Fire Line, - - - - -	63
"Dutchy," - - - - -	65
Me Mother-In-Law, - - - - -	68
Protection's Volunteer, I, - - - - -	71
Protection's Volunteer, II, - - - - -	75
Protection's Volunteer, III, - - - - -	79



TO THE BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION
OF
PROTECTION ENGINE COMPANY, No. 5,
OF
MELROSE, NEW YORK.

LIVING now amid the reminiscences of life rather than in its anticipations ; dwelling in the memories of the past, which the lapse of time serves but to strengthen ; sadly reminded by their absence of many old time genial friends, who have crossed the line that divides time from eternity ; ideally seeing as in the bloom of life were seen the beloved forms of those who were bound to me by the nearest and dearest ties of consanguinity—who were endeared to me in their lives are bewept and honored in their graves ; and for whom dearly in my heart with reverent tenderness shall sacredly be cherished the fondest love, until comes my time to join them.

In the long past days of 1852, inspired with the desire of contributing my mite to the general fund

of our ordinary entertainments, and also of presenting a general attestation of the harmony that happily prevailed among PROTECTION'S forty true and stalwart members—after deliberating on the question of the best course to be pursued—I decided on attempting to make a slight practical use of a proclivity for rhyming, the germ of which I chance to have inherited in a slight degree from an infinitely superior and purely poetic source—an inclination which I never have fostered, but have endeavored to overcome.

Of the exact date I am uncertain, but to the best of my recollection, on the first day of September, 1852, we were completing our arrangements to receive our Engine and entertain our invited guests on the following day. All the Harlem and local Companies—with that of New York 5—whose name and *nom de plume* we had adopted—had been invited, and, I believe, were present in uniform with their Engines, except Five's Company, which sent a strong delegation.

Deeming that this event would afford a propitious opportunity for the contribution of my mite to the fund of entertainment, I hastily composed the song entitled, "The Honey Bees' Greeting to their Friends," intended to be alike appropriate to the occasion and complimentary to our guests. It was spiritedly sung at Ward's

Hotel, Mott Haven, and received with great favor, all present joining in the popular chorus, with which every one then was familiar, with a lustiness that caused the Harlemites to gaze across the river in wonder.

This song was followed by "The Honey Bees' Old Folks," and others, some of which have been lost. Those that remain, with some other of my pieces, I have grouped together in this little volume to present, as a Token of Friendship and a Keepsake to my old time friends, "THE BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF PROTECTION ENGINE COMPANY, No. 5, of Melrose, New York."

And now, in the hope that the perusal of these songs and pieces may have the grateful effect of reviving the brightest of old time scenes, and recalling none but the most cheerful recollections of the past, and that a genial thought may sometimes drift through your minds of the author,

I am, as ever, yours truly,

CHARLES HARCOURT WHITE.

THE FIREMAN'S BOY

MOTHER, look out and see that light,
How red it makes the sky ;
It is a grand, though fearful sight !
See how the bright sparks fly.

It is a house on fire, alas !
A scene whene'er I view,
With poignant sorrows of the past,
My heart is wrung anew.

Mother, pray what noise is that
Resounding o'er the pave ?
Who are those men in figured caps
And shirts of red, so brave ?

Swift rolling engines, eager shouts
And clanging gongs you hear ;
Those gallant men, in figured caps,
Are firemen brave, my dear.

Their manly shouts each other cheer,
As fleetly o'er the pave
They dash, inspired by hope sincere,
To rescue and to save.

And thus, dear mother, night and day
Do they our safety guard?
Their goodness, how can praise repay
Or gratitude reward?

My sire, you say, was brave and true;
If living, sure am I
That he would be a fireman too;
But ah! why do you cry?

Ask not my boy, your tender years
Forbid that you should know;
I grieve to think your mother's tears
Should damp your spirit's glow.

How could affection, mother dear,
More tenderly be shown;
For me are all your smiles and cheer,
Your griefs you bear alone.

The love of angels, pure, divine,
 In heaven where dwell the blest,
The kind Creator wills to shine
 In my fond mother's breast.

So good a heart should overflow
 With peaceful joy and cheer;
Of grief or sadness never know,
 Or cause to shed a tear.

So mother, while your arms entwine,
 Clasp me in fond embrace,
While lovingly your tears with mine
 Are mingling on my face.

Your cause of grief disclose to me,
 Nor let your kindness spare,
For truly I wish not to be
 More happy than you are.

God bless my boy, whose love so true
 Doth sweet expression find,
As like your father darling you
 As flower to its kind.

My love and care for you are all
That long has bound me here,
May naught I pray through life befall
To checker your career.

Your father was a fireman brave,
As ever grasped a rope;
A nobler heart ne'er beat to save
The sufferer, void of hope.

One stormy night the deep-toned bell,
The fireman summoned forth;
A kiss, adieu, he flew, he fell,
My dearest tie on earth!

He fearless dashed through smoke and flame
To save a hapless child,
Whose dying screams in anguish came
Through din and storm so wild.

Neath swaying walls, mid ruins waste,
That seethed on every side,
Was found your sire, in death embrace
The child for whom he died.

Their charred remains, in awe to view,
 Were by his comrades born,
While fell their tears as weeping dew
 Of midnight on the lawn !

Life's darkest hour was that when first
 On his loved form I gazed,
As stunned by shock of thunder burst
 The sight my senses dazed !

In deepest woe, in fell despair,
 Distraught, I wailed and moaned,
Until, despite all friendly care,
 Was reason quite dethroned.

A shattered wreck, like some frail bark,
 Storm dashed on ocean reef,
For which of hope the faintest spark
 Gleamed not kind relief.

I'll tell not of the woeful days
 To mournful weeks that grew,
E'er faintly seen through mental haze
 My darling babe I knew.

Six years have passed, my story's done,
No longer need I keep
The mournful secret from my son
Of why I sometimes weep.

Mid Woodlawn's consecrated bloom
The drooping willow weeps
Its dewy tears around the tomb
Where your brave father sleeps.

So mother, were you left alone
With me a babe the while?
No wonder grief is in your tone
And sadness in your smile.

Yet, 'twere a noble death to die,
Spite of misfortune great,
Although I weep, yet proud am I
Of his heroic fate.

For though so sad my father's fate,
Could he have gone from here
In nobler cause, or half so great?
But weep not, mother dear.

Well said, my boy, no hero yet
 Too brave his sword to yield,
Death more heroically met
 On glory's crimson field.

Six years, you say, have come and gone
 Since that ill fated day;
Six joyless years since I was born,
 Life you have grieved away.

Oh think, how sad my lot would be
 Of you bereft were I;
Dear mother, pray, for love of me,
 To be more happy, try.

All signs of grief that meet my view
 Your love would fain disguise,
Transform as clouds, in glorious hue,
 That deck the sunset skies.

But rays of light that faintly steal
 Through dismal clouds, that tell
Of storm portending, but reveal
 The gloom they would dispel.

Late is the hour, the crimson wave
That fiercely lit the sky
Has vanished, and our guardians brave
Are homeward passing by.

Morn and night when, mother dear,
My daily prayers I say,
With gratitude and heart sincere
I'll for their safety pray.

And when I grow to be a man
I'll be a fireman, too :
At duty's call to lead the van
I'll try as firemen do !

With courage said, my boy, and though
You are my life, my all,
Than have you other I would know
Your sire like you would fall.

To manhood grow as brave as he,
Who so humanely died ;
Honor and Truth your motto be,
The Golden Rule your guide.

When Winter's o'er and vernal Spring
Returns, my boy, we'll go
Where art adorns, the wild birds sing,
And silvery streamlets flow :

To Woodlawn's sacred shades, and there,
Where rest the fair and brave,
With budding plants and flowers rare,
Adorn his honored grave.

With those bright flowers, mother dear,
May pity kind be led
To send the rose of health and cheer,
That long your cheek has fled.

This heavenly gift I'd value more
Than blessings all below :
Than all the gems of Flora's store,
Or fortune could bestow.

God bless the fireman, surely he
Deserves the blessing kind,
And gratefully his name should be
In every heart enshrined !

A WAR SONG.

COMPOSED for and sung on the occasion of our raising a large new American flag in front of Protection's house, on Elton Avenue, July 4th, 1861. When all the loyal North was ablaze with patriotic ardor, many of our members volunteered and bravely fought for their country throughout the war. They, or the survivors of them, will recall how well Mr. George Birch sang this ode and with what enthusiasm the large assemblage of both sexes swelled the chorus, better than the author of these songs can tell them. Colonel Todd, when he reached Washington from here, in command of a regiment, wrote that he had read it to our martyr President and given him one of our printed copies, with which he was well pleased, as it attested the patriotic sentiment of this section.

A WAR SONG.

AIR—RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Warlike in every direction,
 Cannon boom forth on the air,
 While surrounding the hive of Protection
 Of Melrose, the brave and the fair,
 In loyal devotion assemble,
 Their hearts' sacred homage anew,
 To attest for that glorious symbol
 Of the Union, the Red, White and Blue!

CHORUS.

Of the Union, the Red, White and Blue!
 Of the Union, the Red, White and Blue!
 To attest for that glorious symbol
 Of the Union, the Red, White and Blue!

The soul-stirring, martial notes blending,
 Our colors that gallantly fly,
 The glad shouts of freemen ascending,
 All honor the Fourth of July!
 Auspicious the day and the hour
 When freedom defiantly drew
 Her sword against tyranny's power.
 For the Union, the Red, White and Blue!

CHORUS.

For the Union, the Red, White and Blue!
 For the Union, the Red, White and Blue!
 Her sword against tyranny's power,
 For the Union, the Red, White and Blue!

Thus inspired, we sought for and selected,
 In the wild wood a giant of trees ;
 By our hive see it towers, erected
 To carry our flag to the breeze !
 Neath the flag of our union we muster,
 The Honey Bees loyal and true,
 As were freemen of old wont to cluster,
 Thus to swear neath the Red, White and Blue !

CHORUS.

Thus to swear neath the Red, White and Blue !
 Thus to swear neath the Red, White and Blue !
 As were freemen of old wont to cluster,
 Thus to swear neath the Red, White and Blue !

Though nations and traitors assail thee,
 Though the world were in arms to o'erthrow,
 Starry flag, to that peak we would nail thee,
 And spring between thee and the foe !
 Flag of the free, we adore thee !
 On liberty's altar anew
 Swear treason shall ne'er dim the glory
 Of Columbia's Red, White and Blue .

CHORUS.

Of Columbia's Red, White and Blue !
 Of Columbia's Red, White and Blue !
 Swear treason shall ne'er dim the glory
 Of Columbia's Red, White and Blue !

THE FIREMAN'S MONUMENT.

AIR—THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

IN Greenwood's sacred shades,
So tranquil and serene,
While dewdrops glistened on the flowers
That deck its hillocks green,
Alone I rambled forth,
Its beauties to survey,
As o'er the bay in glory's hue,
Arose the King of Day.

The solemn grandeur there
Of all that met my eye,
The sculptured monumental piles
That rear their cressets high,
Inspired my heart with awe,
As o'er the hallowed ground,
I wandered mid the stately tombs
In reverie profound.

With slow and reverent step,
Went musing on a pace,
Until one I approached and stood
Uncovered at its base ;
Just then the birds wild song
Broke on the golden air,
Methought as if the joyful throng
Approved my homage there.

And as their warbled strain,
Thrilled on my raptured ear,
O'ercame I leaned upon the chain
And dashed away a tear.
And through emotion's spray
I scanned the noble shaft,
Crowned by the sculptured fireman,
With an infant in his grasp!

Though many a sun has set
Since that bright morning scene,
Those sacred shades I'll ne'er forget,
Their lawns and hillock's green :
Nor the free wild warbled song
That rose with sweet consent,
As I, uncovered, stood beside
The Fireman's Monument !

AN ACROSTIC ON

F riendship, all hail, thy attributes divine,
R apt love and Truth delight thy praise to sing:
I nspire all hearts to seek thy blissful shrine,
E ncircle nations in thy hallowed ring.
N eath gilded dome and humble thatch to cheer,
D iffuse thy love, entwine thy sacred ties ;
S weet solace, thou, to all whose hearts sincere,
H ave fondly sought thy soothing sympathies.
I n age and infancy, through life's brief span,
P otential thou to cheer the lot of man.

L ive in our hearts, Love, fount of purest joy :
O h sacred treasure, from bright realms above,
V irtue adored without taint or alloy,
E nshrine the sacred thought, that God is Love.

A dorning virtues of the good and brave,
N one brighter bloom on earth or deck the grave ;
D ecreed no more the monarch than the slave.

T ranscendant Truth, imperial Queen o'er all,
R eigning supreme, adored by sage and seer ;
U ntold the millions who thy worth extoll ;
T hy heaven born precepts gratefully revere,
H onor to thee, blest Truth, thou hast no peer !

AWAY TO THE RESCUE, PROTECTION!

AIR—MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

HONEY BEES, another song I'll sing, and every
man

I hope, will join the chorus, just as when to fires we
ran ;

Just as when the bell struck, always in the van
We flew to the rescue with Protection !

CHORUS.

Away, away, the flames illume the sky,
Away, away, with old Protection fly,
In the path of honor none the Honey Bees outvie,
Away to the rescue, Protection !

Truly of the Honey Bees it ever has been said,
Wide awake at duty's call alertly they obeyed ;
Proud to do her bidding, and by danger undismayed,
We flew to the rescue with Protection !

CHORUS.

We prized our gallant motto as we did our laurels won,
"All our rivals we respect, but fear have we for none"
Let's sing it with the chorus as we sang it every one,
When we flew to the rescue with Protection!

CHORUS.

On our way the fire to fight, full many a volunteer
Of "Five" would grasp the rope, and pull as might a
Texan steer;
And when we reached the fire the crowd would shout
with friendly cheer,
Hurrah for the laddies of Protection!

CHORUS.

Now, that the boys no more can run or work on "de
machine,"
We meet to talk of younger days, in memory bright
and green,
And sing a song of Melrose Five, of engines all the
queen,
When we flew to the rescue with Protection!

CHORUS.

OH! GIVE ME THE HONEY BEE.

AIR—A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

OH! give me the Honey Bee,
No matter how old and worn,
For the pride of my heart is she,
Without her I sigh forlorn ;
How oft' it has been my pride,
Surrounded by flame and smoke,
To work by her blistered side,
And list to her matchless stroke.

CHORUS.

Oh ! give me the Honey Bee,
No matter how old and worn,
For the pride of my heart is she,
Without her I sigh forlorn.

Though other Machines, more grand,
 May now be in the town,
Not one in all the land,
 Of her class can call her down !
I'm proud of our laurels won,
 Of the Honey Bee's stream so high ;
Of our record, which that of none
 Of our rivals can e'er outvie.

CHORUS.

I wandered away, afar ;
 Now I toss on the bounding main,
But she is my guiding star,
 Alluring me home again
Swiftly o'er the sea
 As an ocean bird I'd fly,
Along with the Honey Bees ;
 And her laddies, I'd live and die !

CHORUS.

HONEY BEES' YANKEE DOODLE.

AIR—YANKEE DOODLE.

YANKEE DOODLE, will you come,
Join our little Five, sir,
Help the Bees to make her hum ;
Walky in our hive, sir.

CHORUS.

Yankee Doodle, set 'em up,
Spartan Prince of rousers ;
Soap your locks, oh, take de butt,
And roly up yer trousers.

When you join you must agree
To smoke and chew the weed, sir ;
To be a gallus Honey Bee:
Must live up to our creed, sir.

CHORUS.

Our reputation, far and wide,
Is known throughout the town, sir;
No rivals out of it can snide,
The boys they cannot down, sir.

CHORUS.

Our figure on your cap display,
Bunk off in our hive, sir ;
Don't you hear the people say,
They all are down but Five, sir ?

CHORUS.

Our gallant foreman, Billy's some,
The flower of Protection ;
A gayer blossom doesn't bloom
Nor flourish in creation.

CHORUS.

Then look at Mose, "oh, vot a Bee,"
The devil couldn't toss him ;
He's just as nimble as a flea
And wary as a possum.

CHORUS.

Yankee Doodle, be your name
 Inscribed upon our roll, sir ;
We're porters at the gate of fame,
 Who only ask your toll, sir.

CHORUS.

THE OLD HONEY BEE.

AIR—DEAREST MAY.

OH, dad, come listen while we sing,
And to us stories tell,
' Neath the old oak tree your chair we'll bring,
The place you love so well.
The silvery moon in splendor bright
Shines o'er the landscape gay,
The babbling brook, your heart's delight
Will join our gleesome lay.

CHORUS.

Poor dad is old !
His step, once firm and bold,
Is failing now ; his noble brow
In death will soon be cold.

Ah, yes, my boys, I'm feeble, though
Of what should I complain ;
Your love sets my old heart aglow,
Makes it feel young again.

For old folks crave the love of those
Who are to them most dear ;
It's like the sunshine to the rose,
So grateful is its cheer.

CHORUS.

Lead on beneath the old oak tree,
Where the rippling waters glide :
I'll tell you of the Honey Bee
That once was all my pride ;
And of her boys, true and sincere,
As e'er were comrades brave ;
At duty's call who'd spring with cheer
To rescue and to save.

CHORUS.

Boys, when no longer may this staff,
 Support my tottering pace,
Promise me this epitaph
 Shall mark my resting place:
"Here lies a Melrose Honey Bee,
 Beneath this silent flag :
A fireman true, and truly he
 Was never known to lag !"

CHORUS.

PROTECTION OUR PRIDE.

AIR—WHITE WINGS.

FIERCELY a norwester's raging,
Icy its breath, heavy laden with sleet ;
None brave the war it is waging,
Except the night watchman patrolling his beat.
Five's boys are all bunking in slumber,
Restful as that to which childhood is sung,
All save the one of our number,
Whose turn came to-night to bunk off on the tongue.
Off boys, now we go, keen though the winds blow.

CHORUS.

Storm King, despite thee as ever,
At duty's command shall the Honey Bee glide ;
Firemen are we in all weather,
Duty our pleasure, Protection our pride !

Hark ! from the tower, storm shaken,
 Aforth is the fire alarm born far and wide;
Our gong clangs, the sleepers awaken,
 And quick as by magic they down the pole glide !
Homeward, at length, we are turning,
 Coated with ice are our engine and we ;
Of hardship complaint ever spurning,
 So loyal to duty is each Honey Bee.
Homeward now we go, keen blow the winds, O !

CHORUS.

HERE'S TO PROTECTION.

AIR—WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

YOU call upon me for a song ; to give you one I'll try,
But first set up the lager, for my pipes are rough
and dry.

To help me sing the chorus, then, if you will all agree,
I'll sing you one of many wrote about the Honey Bee.

CHORUS.

Here's to Protection,
Here's to Protection,
Here's to Protection,
The Melrose Honey Bee !

At midnight, when is heard the bell and the watchmen
fire cry,
And leaping flames are blazoning the lurid clouds on
high,

Fleetly to the engine house our laddies run and shout:
Roll her lively, Honey Bees, be first upon the rout !

CHORUS.

May fortune on us ever smile, our earnest efforts
crown,
Emblazon our escutcheon with honor and renown ;
As heretofore, in future time, our honest boast shall be :
In the race of honor none shall lead the Honey Bee !

CHORUS.

A COMPLIMENTARY SONG

TO HARRY HOWARD ENGINE CO. NO. 36 OF NEW YORK.

AIR—RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

YE brave hearts of old Harry Howard,
The friends who your virtues admire,
In friendship's bright alcove embowered,
Bid their minstrel to you tune his lyre.
The boys whom it hath fame delighted,
To honor we'll sing of anew,
United in friendship, as plighted
To the conquering Red, White and Blue !

CHORUS.

To the conquering Red, White and Blue,
To the conquering Red, White and Blue ;
United in friendship, as plighted
To the conquering Red, White and Blue!

In duty's stern path ever zealous,
Justice and honor your aim,
Ever scorning of aught to be jealous,
Save the lustre of your gallant name;
And we know it will never be blighted,
That proudly we all shall review
The career of the laddies, united,
Whose motto is Red, White and Blue!

CHORUS.

Whose motto is Red, White and Blue,
Whose motto is Red, White and Blue ;
The career of the laddies, united,
Whose motto is Red, White and Blue!

And Howard boys, now and forever,
We'll cherish the friendship that glows
Between us, and nothing shall sever
Thirty-six and their friends of Melrose;

We'll tell of each other in story,
And each to the other most true,
In their mutual triumphs will glory,
The boys of the Red, White and Blue!

CHORUS.

The boys of the Red, White and Blue,
The boys of the Red, White and Blue;
In their mutual triumphs will glory,
The boys of the Red, White and Blue!

FLY, PROTECTION !

WHEN is heard the shout
Of " fire, turn out ! "

Honey Bees are bound to lead the rout ;
You may rely,
We're on the fly
When the watchman rings the cry!

CHORUS.

Fly, fly, Protection, fly
At the stroke of the bell in the tower nigh ;
Fly, fly, Protection, fly
Away to the rescue, fly !

We lead the van,
Beat Five who can ;
When the fire bells ring and her brakes we man ;
As Bees around
Their hive abound
Protection at a fire we rally round !

CHORUS.

You bet that we
No company
Allow the lead of the Honey Bee ;
Nor on the rout
E'er start without
Is heard our old familiar shout!

CHORUS.

Red, White and Blue,
Our colors true.
We're proud of the figure that we carry, too ;
Afar and nigh
Is heard our cry
At the bell's first stroke in the tower high !

CHORUS.

We seek no praise,
To save we raze,
Victory achieve in the battle blaze ;
Our boys excel,
For they answer well
To the watchman's cry and the tower bell !

CHORUS.

THE FIREMAN.

WHEN night's pearly dew drops glisten
On the moonlit forest spray,
And sometimes in our dreams we listen
To the songsters' tuneful lay ;
Tranquil hours of rest enjoying,
Free from cares wont to impose
On slumber's peace, with dreams annoying,
All defying calm repose.

His chamber window partly open,
From his couch and slumbers spell,
The fireman leaps when it is broken,
By the first stroke of the bell ;
Downy couch and pillow's whiteness,
In a moment lose their charm,
Quick as dreamy slumber's lightness
Is broken by the dread alarm.

His fire cap, suit and belt beside him,
Ready at the call to fly,
And lantern lit is there to guide him
When no stars illumine the sky.
Oh, fame, our guardian fireman true,
Reward with brightest laurel thine,
And honor with thy garland, too,
As fits the brave his brow entwine.

THE RESOLVE.

MY beau's a gallant bachelor,
And truly I declare
On Cupid's list unnamed is one
That with him will compare ;
A gayer, manlier than he
To find 'twere vain to strive,
And he's a dashing Honey Bee,
The pride of Melrose Five.

The pleasures of the mazy waltz,
With him I love to share,
I'd give a kingdom but to know
What his intentions are ;
When next he comes some plan I'll try,
For all in love is fair,
I'll win or know the reason why
His love he don't declare.

To win my gallant Honey Bee,
Love's strategy I'll try ;
How strange that one so brave as he
Of love should fight so shy ;
And should I prove the conquerer,
I'll sing in merry lay,
How yielded my gay bachelor
In cupid's gallant fray.

See "The Result," May 20, 1852.

THE RESULT.

ONE eve, returning from a fire,
I called my girl to see,
And pleasure spread its radiance o'er
Her face at sight of me.
I laid my fire cap on a chair,
Whereon was thrown her shawl;
She raised it and took off the front
And hung it on the wall.

CHORUS.

Oh, isn't she a daisy!
The loveliest of all;
The girl who keeps my cap front
Hanging on the wall.

To my expression of surprise,
Thus said my lassie true:
Whenever on it rest my eyes
I'll fondly think of you.
Though gems of art around we see,
I'll prize above them all
The cap front of my Honey Bee,
Hanging on the wall.

CHORUS.

Thrilled by the love-light in her eyes,
Enraptured by her charms,
I rose, and tenderly I clasped
My darling in my arms.
The sweetest pet names ever sung,
I fondly lavished all
On the girl who lovingly had hung
My cap front on the wall.

CHORUS.

Her lips are red as rubies rare,
Her teeth are white as pearls,
And lightly to her shoulders fair,
Her tresses fall in curls.
With every grace endowed is she,
And goodness crowns them all:
The girl who hung in loving glee
My cap front on the wall.

CHORUS.

I've a cozy rural cottage,
Overspread with foliage green,
Where sing the birds and flowers bloom—
There she shall reign the queen.
And there in happiness we'll dwell
Till comes the final call,
With my cap front of the Honey Bee
Hanging on the wall.

CHORUS.

MELROSE LASSIES.

AIR—KILLARNEY.

MELROSE lassies, fair, in whom
Beauty's charms and sweetness dwell;
Least I care who share their bloom,
None their loveliness excel.
Where beam the sun's refulgent rays,
On daisy quilted hills and dells,
And memory ever fondly strays,
In fair Melrose, my lassie dwells.
Speed our bark o'er ocean wide,
Soon my lass will be my bride;
My lassie fair, my lassie,
My peerless Melrose lassie!

Of life, was that the sweetest hour,
 By the silvery moonlit wave,
Neath the rustic cottage bower,
 When she to me her promise gave.
Rose and lily, sleeping there,
 Spangled o'er with sparkling dew,
Fairy scene of beauty, where
 She gave to me her promise true.
Of bliss the acme will be mine,
To bow with her at Hymen's shrine ;
 My lassie fair, my lassie,
 My peerless Melrose lassie !

THE FIREMAN'S BRIDE.

STORM ruled the midnight hour,
And fiercely the blast from the North
Swept over tree top and tower,
The dread fire alarm bearing forth !
When the bride of a week, whose dejection
Her heart's sad forebodings betrayed,
Viewed the storm clouds ablaze in reflection—
For his safety, most dear to her, prayed.

Love's fears pictured dangers appalling,
As mentally rested her gaze,
On lofty walls, swaying and falling,
Amid the wild din and the blaze!
The peril of those who were nearest,
And then with a quiver of pain—
The thought, if among them, her dearest
She might never see him again.

Too often leads duty to danger,
 She sadly and tearfully sighed:
To fear he was ever a stranger,
 Protection and duty his pride!
Though peace and repose are denied me,
 No trace of my grief shall be seen,
For he would regretfully chide me
 Should he know how unhappy I've been.

HONEY BEES TO THEIR FRIENDS.

AS SUNG IN 1852.

AIR—CAMPTOWN RACES.

HONEY BEES on a race are fleet, du da, du da;
Old Protection can't be beat, du da, du da, da!
Clink the crystal, three ^{times} ~~three~~ three, du da, du da;
Melrose Five, the Honey Bee, du da, du da, da!

CHORUS.

Let duty call by night,
Or let her call by day:
She'll find the laddies all delight
Her mandate to obey!

New York Five, here's to thee, du da, du da,
Queen of hearts, old Honey Bee, du da, du da, da!
Again to the boys of Number One, du da, du da,
Hurrah for Lady Washington, du da, du da, da!

CHORUS.

Another, boys, from friendship's store, du da, du da,
Ranaque, Mott Haven Four, du da, du da, da!
All hail, the boys of Forty-Nine, du da, du da,
Gayest laddies in the line ; du da, du da, da!

CHORUS.

No boys in honor's path who strive, du da, du da,
Excel the boys of Thirty-Five, du da, du da, da!
As good and game, we all agree, du da, du da,
Protection's friends of Forty-Three, du da, du da, da !

CHORUS.

West Farms, though last, yet all the same, du da, du da,
Her laddies well are known to fame, du da, du da, da!
A bumper to us, every one, du da, du da,
In harmony we'll work and run, du da, du da, da!

CHORUS.

Here's to us, one and all,
Our country and her flag :
She'll find if she on us shall call,
We don't know how to lag !

LINES ON THE DEATH OF
JOHN S. CARMAN,

A MEMBER OF PROTECTION ENGINE CO. NO. 5,
OF NEW YORK.

As composed and published on the occasion in 1853.

*N*O more upon our roll his name
In future may be known ;
Erased by death, rewarding fame,
Now claims it for her own.
Carman's name, Protection's son,
Is now enrolled on high,
His record bright with laurels won,
He died as heroes die!

As last we met I see him now,
And hear the fire-bell toll :
A generous hope illumes his brow,
He cries, Protection, roll !
The rope he grasps, and o'er the pave
As swiftly on we fly:
Speed on to rescue and to save!
Is his inspiring cry.

We reach the awful scene—the fire—
The fierce flames leaping high,
As if the Fire Fiend, in his ire,
Would storm night's lurid sky!
A life to save, with fearless dash,
His life the hero gave:
Neath fiery walls, whose falling crash
Entombed our comrade brave!

That crash, alas ! his doom foretells,
In grief is spoken o'er,
And mournfully the tolling bells
Say, Carman is no more !

All streams upon the flaming pile
Are turned from every side,
And manly grief is shown the while
For him, Protection's Pride!

Neath threatening walls, the fiery waste,
Night long, till noonday bell,
We worked e'er we had cleared a space
To where our brother fell.
No tongue can tell, no pen portray,
Our hearts' emotions deep,
When, charred and crushed, we saw him lay
In death's o'erawing sleep!

We mourn our loss, for those he left,
To his sorrowing widow lost :
His prattling babe so early reft
On life's bleak ocean tos't.
May every blessing life affords,
And fortune's gifts to spare,
Be life long showered on our wards—
Safe in Protection's care!

HONEY BEES OLD FOLKS.

AIR—OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

JUST a little way from Morrisania,
Upon a hill so gay,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the Honey Bees stay.
Upon and down the Empire City,
Sadly I roam,
Humming this familiar ditty,
And longing for my good old home!

CHORUS.

No matter, boys, in what direction,
This weary exile roam ;
His heart is sad for old Protection,
And for the Honey Bees at home!

All around Melrose I wandered
 When I was young,
With the Honey Bees my time I squandered,
 Many our songs we sung.
Then we used to roll Protection,
 Happy was I,
No cause had I for trouble or dejection—
 How we made the Honey Bee fly!

CHORUS.

I never found another Bee Hive
 Like that upon the hill,
Nor an Engine that could equal our Five,
 When the foreman cried, "Boys, say you will!"
When again shall I hear her humming?
 No longer would I roam—
Will the laddies ever see me coming
 To rejoin them in our good old home?

CHORUS.

GET INSIDE THE FIRE LINE.

EVERYTHING the Honey Bees attempt, they do
up brown,
And Little Five's an Engine our rivals can't call down;
With her we've won the trophies we're ever proud to
show ;
With her we're bound to capture more wherever we
may go.

CHORUS.

Walky in, walky in, walky in, I say,
Get inside the fire line and see Protection play!
Among the other engines, hidden in the smoke,
Look for old Protection where you hear the quick-
est stroke !

In about a week we organized, and then we built a
hive—

Home we rolled our Engine, the famous Little Five!
She's proved to be a daisy, as she would her builder said,
Always winning in her class in every match we
played!

CHORUS.

To roll and work the Honey Bee to us is only play,
The boys who man her brakes so well, are ready night
day ;

Homeward, going from a fire, so of't we sing with glee,
We're known by all the people as the "Vocal Com-
pany."

CHORUS.

Our wreath is just the prettiest that could an engine
deck,

And proudly we've encircled it around Protection's
neck ;

To rivals who would win it we give notice in advance,
Unless they try it fairly they must take a dusty chance!

CHORUS.

“ DUTCHY.”

DER poys all call me Tuchy, dot aind my fader's
name ;
Id aind so on Bertechshun's roll, bud id goes shust de
same ;
Vatdser madder mit de name, since all de vorlt pegan,
Who der tuyfel does'nt know, de name tond make de
man!

CHORUS.

Dutchy is a bully boy as ever run with Five,
In hope to roll her first he's always loafing round
the hive.
As miss a fire its said that he would just as lief be
hung ;
That's why he often bunks at night upon Protec-
tion's tongue.

I allus vont to roll her fust soon as de pell is rung ;
 Half de nights alretty I have shleep ubon her dongue,
 Dil foreman or assisdand getch us den I hof gommand,
 Und py dot fire mit bipe or putt id vos my righd do
 shtand!

CHORUS.

I useder vonder vy von gangs de fire pells allus prings,
 Dot vonds der help der house on fire der save der
 beebles dings,
 Dey shumb around in all de rooms so pizzy und so
 prave,
 Und ofden drows de vinders oud a looging glass to save.

CHORUS.

Negsd dime I dinks I'll see vot prings dot loaver gangs
 around,
 I dook a wrenge und ub de shdairs vos mit um mit a
 pound,
 Dot gang vos shneaking every dings, py dunder 'tvos
 a zhame
 To rob de homeless beebles so, und firemen hoff de
 plame!

CHORUS.

Five's sugshun wrenge vos dot I hoff, I'd handled id
 pefore,
 Und quick dem loavers all pud von was pleading on de
 vloor ;
 Dot von he make me droubles, den I lammed him in
 de shnoud
 Und fanned him mit de sugshun wrenge undil he vas
 blayed oud!

CHORUS.

Und dots de vay de Honey Pees vor right are pound
 ter vin,
 Venever loavers droubles make shusd ped vere gound-
 ed in.
 Hurrah for old Berdeckshun, poys, und dond vorget
 dat zhe
 De idol is of Tuchy's heart—de Melrose Honey Pee !

CHORUS.

ME MOTHER-IN-LAW.

IN the County iv Cork was a man I am towld,
I niver have heard iv another as bowld ;
Shure a lobster alive wudn't shtick in the craw
Iv a man who'd elope wid his mother-in-law.

CHORUS.

Wid his mother-in-law, his mother-in-law,
He'd betther been riding a circular saw,
Or pullin a tooth from a crockadile's jaw,
Than sparkin to skip wid his mother-in-law.

If livin's another wid taste so divine,
Might the Divil intice him to shtale away mine ;
I'd give him a pig an' the likes iv a shtraw
Shudn't lie in his way to me mother-in-law.

CHORUS.

Me mother-in-law, me mother-in-law,
It's crass-eyed I am fram watching her paw ;
I wish you cud hear the abuse iv her jaw,
Whin juice bugs are atin' me mother-in-law.

On Sathurday nights in an ominous way,
 Wid blarney an' schowl she is afther me pay ;
 The full iv me dinner pail if I cud dthraw,
 I'd have to divide wid me mother-in-law.

CHORUS.

Me mother-in-law, me mother-in-law,
 The Divil has rattled me mother in-law ;
 I sigh for the day, in the bone yard away,
 Whin they'll tumble the clay on me mother-in-law.

She's the size iv an Amazon, over six fate,
 Wid the help iv a jag she cud Sullivan ate ;
 An' the music is shwate whin yer filin' a saw,
 To the tone iv the voice iv me mother-in-law.

CHORUS.

Me mother-in-law, me mother-in-law,
 Dthryer than powther me mother-in-law ;
 Half me pay goes into Riley's cash dthraw,
 To square for the jags iv me mother-in-law.

The Honey Bees hose from Riley's gin mill,
I wish I cud lay between her an his shtill,
For I know when the "butt" she wuz forced to forsake
Her friends might prepare for an illegant wake.

CHORUS.

Me mother-in-law, me mother-in-law,
Afther the wake iv me mother-in-law,
I'd a dimijohn make iv a handful of sthraw,
To shtake on the grave iv me mother-in-law.

PROTECTION'S VOLUNTEER.

OF the Honey Bee McCarty was a fighting volunteer,
He never lost a fight because his methods were so queer;
The pride and boast of all his gang, they blowed around
the town—
No other had a scrapper who could call McCarty down!

CHORUS.

Rattle him, McCarty, oh ! lade a lively pace,
De glory iv yer record niver shall defate disgrace;
De gang is wid ye, don't forget, ye'll lick him, niver
fear,
For yer de king iv champions, Protection's Volun-
teer.

McCarty was a welter weight, and of the toughest
grade :
Fat, ragged and as sassy as they're in the Bowery
made ;
Than stop a shoulder blow of his, an Irish ass behind
I'd rather shtand and twist his tail—I'd try it in your
mind.

CHORUS.

With the diplomatic wisdom of a minister of state,
To win upon his backers' strength he'd always calculate ;
When his prestige was in peril, they would matters so
confuse,
That when a fight he couldn't win, he was certain not
to lose.

CHORUS.

For size and weight, the odds against him, cared he not
a whit,
"Shure de more iv him dere is," said he, "de asier to hit;
Dere ribs don't shtand de racket whin dere shkitherry
an' tall,
An ticker dey are, hully gee, de heavier dey fall!"

CHORUS.

Of victory this disregard, at times, would dash his hopes,
For a bigger slugger oft' has sent him sailing through
the ropes;
But trifles such as these to notice he would never deign,
The gang would pick him up and fire him in the ring
again.

CHORUS.

His seconds in his corner oft' to him would kindly say:
"Dthraw an' clinch him here, nor mind de call to break
away ;

We're solid wid de refferee an' gamble dat we'll thry
In pullin yez apart to close de porker's udder eye."

CHORUS.

"Shkip around his left, wid dat ye mind it is he shtrikes;
Git upon his chugular an' gaff him wid yer shpikes;
Any way ye lick him goes, de gang is so well heeled,
If dem mugs give us any shlack, we'll shwipe 'em off de
field."

CHORUS.

When spite of all, McCarthy saw his star was going
down,
And that by faking only could he save his high renown;
Then it was his battered mug would meet his second's
jowl,
And warble in his ear, "nixt round be quick an' claim
a foul."

CHORUS.

So, of local champions, McCarthy was the king,
For never slugger faced him who could best him in the
ring.

If more about him and the gang, in future you would
hear,

Stand me up to sing about Protection's Volunteer.

CHORUS.

PROTECTION'S VOLUNTEER.

II.

AGAIN, about McCarthy, since you stand me up to
sing,
I'll start from where I left him with his seconds in the
ring,
And why he was the nonpareil of local slugger lights,
You'll know when I have told of this, last of his toughest
fights.

CHORUS.

Rattle him, McCarthy, oh ! lade a lively pace,
De glory iv yer record niver shall defate disgrace;
De gang is wid ye, don't forget, ye'll lick him, niver
fear,
For yer de king iv champions, Protection's Volunteer.

The battle was against him, over matched in size and
weight,

To fleishwursht he was being chewed, and dreading
he'd be ate ;

To his trainer, said he, "Mick, I'll have a sup iv grog,
Nixt round to claim a foul be quick, be jabbers I'm no
hog."

CHORUS.

True was Mick, on rushed the gang, the ring was swept
away;

"We'll show de mugs we're bound to see McCarthy have
fair play."

As for the rival gang they went, they furiously howled—
"Is is rootin' here dey tink we are, to see de champion
fouled?"

CHORUS.

As rock by mighty tempest hurled against a mountain
rock,

As cannon balls would meet, so met the gangs in battle
shock ;

As if perdition's gates had burst, and all the stokers
there

Had for a battle royal rushed out of the sulphurous
air.

CHORUS.

When tangled like a darkey's wool, the gangs were in
 a heap,
 McCarthy to his seconds said, "Shure now's our time
 to shneak!"
 To a stable where two clammers kept an Ass on equal
 shares,
 They hiked away McCarthy, for the purpose of repairs.

CHORUS.

He looked as limp and rotten as a fish a week or more,
 That high and dry had stranded been upon a sunny
 shore ;
 To care for all his wounds at once, to strip him they
 began,
 Of a meal sack made a poultice bag, and squeezed him
 in the bran.

CHORUS.

McCarthy kicked at being bagged, was told to "howld
 his pace :
 It's us an' don't forget," said they, "is dotherin yer case;
 Shure all yer bruises, humps an' holes, we cud'nt over-
 haul,
 We're savin time an' missin none, wan powltice diz
 'em all."

CHORUS.

They tied the sack about his throat, a feed bag on his
head,
"To hale his schalp an' kape the sthable draughts from
him" they said ;
Then brought a keg of whiskey and a tube of proper
length,
Through which to draw it they explained, "to give him
heart an' stringth."

CHORUS.

When they had drank their fill, they bade McCarthy
kind adieu,
Saying "twudn't take the thratemint long to make him
good as new,"
And with them I will leave him; if again you wish to
hear,
In another song, I'll tell how fared Protection's Volun-
teer.

CHORUS.

PROTECTION'S VOLUNTEER.

III.

McCARTHY, in the poultice sack, blinked through
the stable dust

At the Ass, whose staring galled him with suspicion
and distrust ;

He sighed "de Divil roast him," and of whiskey drew
a sup:

"It's for no good I gamble dat he's sizin iv me up!"

CHORUS.

Rattle him, McCarthy, oh ! lade a lively pace,
De glory iv yer record niver shall defate disgrace;
De gang is wid ye, don't forget, ye'll lick him,
niver fear,
For yer de king iv champions, Protection's Volun-
teer.

“Is he tinkin iv de brick I fired, as laid him out de day
 He kicked away de load iv clams, we hawked in Ave-
 nue A ;

If dat is phat is atin him, no power cud me save,
 He niver soured on a bloke as iver he forgave !”

CHORUS.

“He’s tuggin at his hawlther rope, an’ brack it if he shud,
 A blazer to a cart iv clams, McCarthy’s name is mud ;
 For life me hope is dat de rope will safely howld him
 dere,
 For de Divil is him atin wid meselluf to get square !”

CHORUS.

The size of poodle dogs the rats, from stable hole and
 crack,
 Jumped erect, and clawed, and squeaked around his
 poultice sack ;
 “ Och ! murther mine’s a rotten case, he sighed ; dere
 is no cure,
 If de Ass don’t kick me stuffin out, de rats ’ll ate me
 shure !”

CHORUS.

Now, the Ass, another jewel added to his wisdom
wreath:

The halter rope, too tough to break, he seized between
his teeth,

And chewed it with a venom that soon parted it in two,
Then with a snort of triumph, at the champion he flew!

CHORUS.

His business end, toward the sack, he quickly slung
around:

Starward sailed McCarthy, like a rocket from the
ground!

Up again he went, this time out of the poultice sack,
And tumbled naked from the roof upon the Ass's back.

CHORUS.

He grabbed the Ass around the neck, and growled in
rage and pain :

"Me belly button he won't get me at his hoofs again ;
I'll ride him to perdition, faith, de most iv all I rue,
Is dat he cudn't a kicked de keg iv whiskey wid me too!"

CHORUS.

The Ass's eyes, with fury blazed, he madly plunged
about,
Tried every trick to Asses known, McCarthy to dis-
mount ;
But all in vain, the stable doors then burst he with a
shock,
And over hedge and ditch he flew toward Port Morris
Dock!

CHORUS.

An obstacle stood in his way that should his course
have barred,
A shanty stored with dynamite, the watchman there
on guard
Shook his club, and shrieked, and swore, by terror
overcame—
On dashed the Ass, and burst into the shanty just the
same!

CHORUS.

The shock of an explosion terror spread for miles
around,
And where had stood the shanty was a hole blown in
the ground !

Of the Watchman, Ass and Champion, what came we
may not know,
If blown they were into the air, or through the ground
below!

CHORUS.

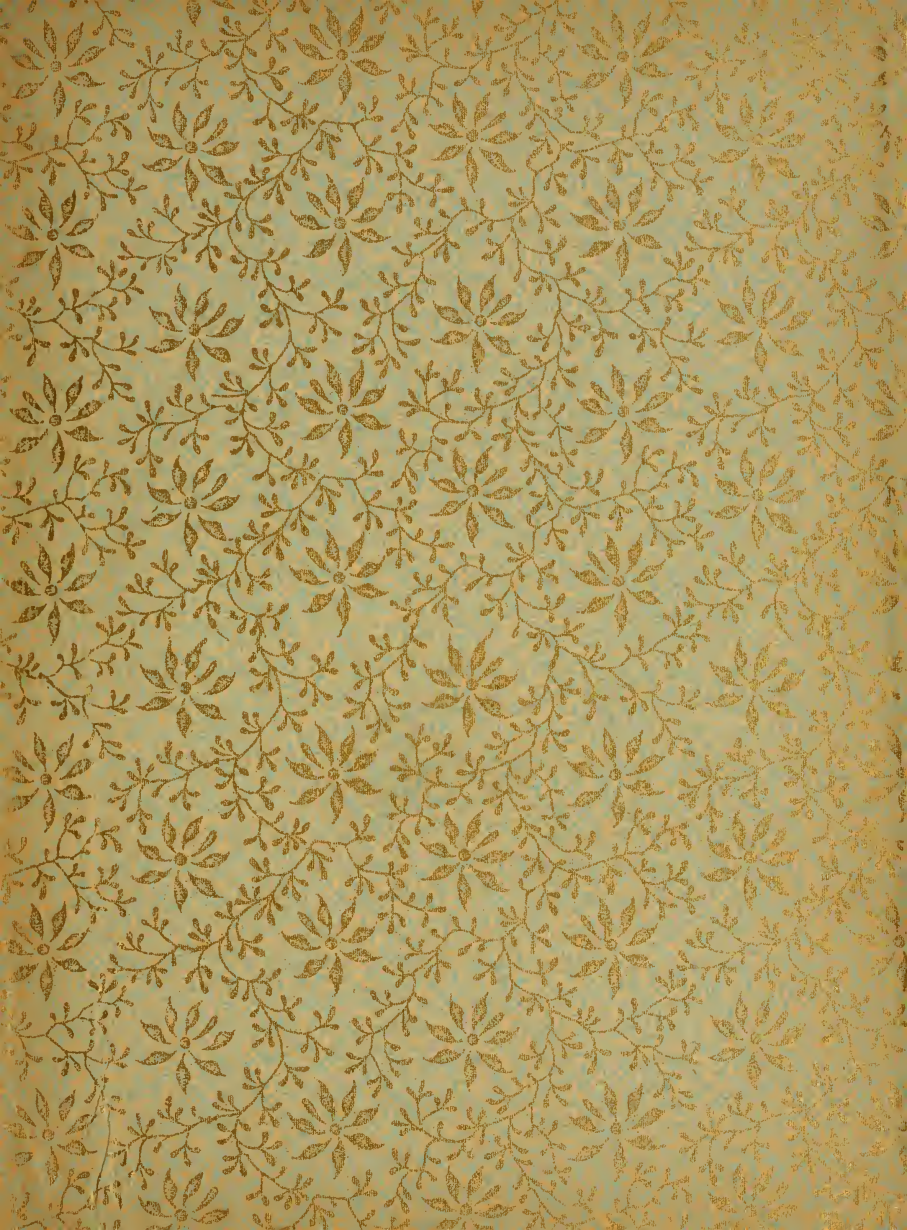
By the watchman's awful cussing I am sad to say, alas!
I fear he was as wicked as McCarthy or the Ass!
Oh ! it is quite too dreadful, now, to think where they
may be,
Since Satan in his cunning got a cinch upon the three!

CHORUS.

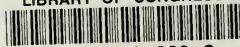
The boys were all astounded, when they came around
next morn,
To find the stable wrecked, the Ass and bold McCarthy
gone !
They finally agreed "dis way it must have came to
pass,
De Ass had ate McCarthy, an' de rats had ate de Ass."

CHORUS.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 603 089 8